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## MRS. HAMILTON.



Age silvers o'er the hair and dims the eye,  
And things are not as they were wont to seem;  
But, unforgotten one! though years pass by,  
The memory of the heart, it still is green.

WHAT a world of thought and feeling arises in perusing old letters! "What lesson do we read in the silliest of them; and in others what beauty, what charm, what magical illusion wraps the senses in brief enchantment! But it is brief, indeed. Absence, estrangement, death, the three great enemies of mortal ties, start up to break the spell. The letters of those who are dead, how wonderful. We seem to live and breathe in their society. The writers once, perhaps, lived with us in the communion of friendship, in the flames of passion, in the whirl of pleasure; in the same career, in short, of earthly joys, earthly follies, and earthly infirmities. We seem again to retrace these paths together; but are suddenly arrested by the knowl-

edge, that there lies a vast gulf between us and them. The hands which traced those characters are mouldering in the tomb, eaten by worms, or already turned to dust.

Letters from those we once loved, who perhaps are still living, but no longer living for us. It may be they grew tired of us; it may be we grew tired of them; or the separation may have arisen from mutual imperfections in character. Still the letters recall times and seasons when it was otherwise, and we look upon ourselves out of ourselves, as it were with much melancholy interest. That identity of the person, and that estrangement of the spirit, who can paint it?

There is still a third class of old letters on which the heart delights to expatiate; those of the still living, but the absent. Oh! what do they not afford of delight! They have the whole witchery

of beauty, love, and truth in them, without one speck or flaw to lower the tone of that enchantment they contain."

The above remarks were suggested by the perusal of a letter written by the venerable relict of General Alexander Hamilton, nearly fifty years ago. Those fingers are now tremulous with age, and that eye which might have maddened an anchorite is now dim. In a few years at most, will her earthly career be ended, but her memory will dwell long in the grateful hearts of those, who have been the recipients of her bounty. Venerable lady, piercing was thy shriek of agony, when the news of thy husband's murder was brought thee as thou was worshipping in the house of God. But "sweet are the uses of adversity." In the darkest thunder cloud sleeps the brightest lightning, and though on earth there may be many sorrows, yet there is a better land.

"Where every heart rejoins its kindred heart,  
Where in a long embrace that none may part,  
Fulfillment meets desire; and that fair shore  
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore."

Mrs. Hamilton must be nearly eighty years of age. She is head directress of the New York Orphan Asylum at Bloomingdale, of which excellent institution, she and Mrs. Bethune, the second directress, were the founders. Previous to the establishment of this benevolent institution, there was no public receptacle for the numerous unfortunate infants, which are so frequently left by their depraved parents, to perish in the streets of the great metropolis.—*American Bio. Sketch Book.*

## TALES.

From the Model American Courier.

### A STORY OF MY WIFE.

BY PHIL BRINGLE.

"She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine."

"This now is very comfortable!" I ejaculated, lazily turning on the sofa until I had a fair view of my wife's smiling eyes.

She glanced towards me—her cheeks indented with the most fascinating dimples in the world—nodded assent, but made no other reply.

A long pause ensued, during which my half-closed eyes were fixed dreamily upon her, and I was meditating what to say. At last, I broke out with what I certainly did *not*, a moment before, intend to say.

"What a blessing it is, to have a rosy little wife

with the warmest heart and the softest fingers, ever created, who knows how to talk when necessary, and how to keep silence when proper, who has the most delicate touch imaginable in a pillow."

"And who isn't at all jealous?" said Fannie, meeting my gaze with her own smile.

"Humph!"

I stopped short, for I did not know how to proceed. What could she mean? After vainly puzzling myself in silence for sometime, I gave up the task, well knowing that I should soon hear her meaning from her own lips. Sure enough, like a true daughter of Eve, she could not wait long with the mystery.

"Well, Philip, how do you like Carrie Carroll?"

"Mrs. Walter Granger, I suppose you mean? So then, this is it?"

"Never mind that, but how do you like her? Is she not the same Carrie Carroll whom I pictured to you a few weeks ago?"

"Yes," I replied, hesitatingly, "perhaps she is, but the opinion I have formed of her in the last three days, during her visit, is very different from that which my fancy had conjured from your description. Has not her character changed since marriage? Has she not borrowed some little strength of spirit from her husband?"

"A trifle, possibly, but my quiet, retiring friend was never deficient in the spirit, which you seem to think belongs only to the harder sex."

"I can believe you, Fannie, for if I ever saw a dash of the secret vixen, just enough to make a wife charmingly pungent, I have seen it in the brown still eye of your friend. But I don't believe that she has more of this same spirit than yourself, and indeed, for her husband's sake, I hope she has no less. Take care how you vex her, for if a woman's eye can speak, she will have a little pleasant revenge, and I know what that is."

"The mischief is already done, so that your warning is too late."

"What do you mean?"

"This afternoon, we were chatting together, and incidentally mentioned our husbands. Yes, incidentally, sir. Somehow, she imagined from a chance word or two, that I had told you the story of her heart-affairs, and so, she charged me with the fact. I justified as well as possible, not very well however, but could not pacify her. She declared, that she would take the first opportunity to tell you some little matters out of my own early history, and then fell busily to work in collecting documents. After some trouble, she found a few foolish letters which I had written to her years ago. These she means to show you as soon as possible, and unless I'm very much mistaken, she will seize her opportunity to-night. Hush! there is her step at this very moment. Be careful now, and above all don't be jealous?"

Sure enough, there was the lady herself, looking as demure and suggestive almost, as my Fannie ever could. She took a seat by the side of her friend and instantly opened a conversation in a manner, which I had never before observed in her. Her whole appearance was changed. The quiet, beautiful woman was suddenly converted into the animated and graceful wit;—all through that pleasant malice which sometimes gives such delicious piquancy to the sex. As I looked at them, I could not help smiling at the contrast. The transformed

rattled on with spicy gait, while Fannie, half bewildered by this appropriation of her own character strove hardily to maintain her wonted superiority in tongue. Nor did she quite fail.

I was not allowed to amuse myself much longer as a spectator, for the fair disputants, with a little transparent manœuvring, soon managed to draw me into the conversation. It was very easy to see every movement as Mrs. Granger gradually edged up the subject to a point where it would seem natural and be in perfect grace for her to commence the retaliation. Fannie made no effort to lead her away from the course, and I covertly encouraged it, for, if the truth must be told, I was somewhat anxious to know if my wife had told me *all* of her heart-history. She seemed so fearless in regard to the matter, that I felt no hesitation in drawing out the whole affair.

At last, with a natural turn to the conversation, Mrs. Granger exclaimed:

"Pray, Mr. Bringle, what do you think is the most proper penalty for revealing the little secrets of a friend?"

"Apply the *lex talionis*, of course."

"In all cases, without any exception?" she enquired doubtfully.

"I know of few cases where that law ought not to apply. But speak plainly, for you mean something."

"Do not blame me then, for remember, you have asked me to do it. As for you, Fannie, I have no fear that you can dare to open your mouth. The fact is sir, that I am strongly disposed to tell a story of your wife."

"I am all attention. Pray proceed."

And without farther preface, she playfully commenced her story.

Fannie was fourteen and I fifteen, when we were room-mates, and, of course, intimate friends, in a boarding-school of this city. Her young life was one long frolic at that age, as you can very well imagine, from seeing her now, when she has sobered—so slightly. So those thought who saw her in her every-day character only, but her friends well knew that her joyousness was only the language of a warm and high heart. You are blushing, Fannie, and I'll stop. Your husband needs no information as to your disposition. My own temperament was very different.

One day we were allowed to ramble in a beautiful wood, just out of the city. I believe, sir, that Fannie has told you some few particulars of that walk, but she did not tell you the whole that happened to us. She left that part to me.

As we were sauntering along in a delightful path, we came under a large, noble tree, so refreshingly enticing in its shade, that we sat down at once on a pile of soft moss, and began to chat. Hardly a dozen words had been said, before we heard a rustling in the tree above, and then a rough voice calling to us. We started to fly, but the owner of the voice was too quick for us, and before we could escape, he swung down from a lower limb, and stood directly in our way.

"Hallo! girls. Don't be frightened, and make fools of yourselves now."

We said nothing, but looked upon the young monster with perfect horror. I speak for myself, at least; for Fannie always declared there was nothing very frightful, only a little negligence in

his appearance. There was something, however, which made him a new character to both of us.—The boy was about our own age, with nothing very repulsive in the expression of his face, but then he was dirty, and so awfully ragged—a real cub—that my heart sank within me, and I would almost have fallen, had not Fannie put her arm around my waist, and summoned up the utmost strength of her eye to look the boy down. There is much power in those spirited eyes, as you know, sir, but it was lost on the hardened young wretch. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed—I really thought he did—but he stood up audaciously and smiled admiringly upon a look that would have made me drop my head.

"Well, girl, I'll be beat if you arn't one of the likeliest and prettiest of them that I ever see. Here take my hat—but you don't want that. Take my bird's eggs, then. They're as handsome as any you ever see, and when you've strung 'em up and put 'em around your neck, just think of me, will you? I tell you what it is, now:—it does me good to look at your bright face."

As the boy held out to her a tiny nest, full of prettily speckled eggs, he actually wore though all his rough raggedness the earnest air of a suitor, making his first offer to the beautiful shrine he would fain worship. This, and the real meaning of his words showed us, that he had a large heart, uncultivated and run to waste. Both of us, were immediately a little re-assured. In fact, Fannie felt somewhat pleased at this comical expression of his rude admiration, and spoke to him with less severity than she would otherwise have used. Her words poured fourth quickly, and in the deepest flush of earnestness. I admired her in that attitude, almost as much as did the wonder-stricken boy himself.

"You are a very lazy and wicked boy to leave your work and come hear in this beautiful place to rob the poor birds. Could you find nothing to do at home? Have you not some way of spending your time, more profitable to yourself and every one else, than to roam about the woods, acting in such a heartless and contemptible way? You never thought, perhaps, how much real cruelty there is to the weak, innocent birds in this vile pleasure of stealing their very homes from them. Now, if you are not altogether vicious in your heart, don't do this again. Come out here in this beautiful grove as often as you please, for it ought to do you good. But in this silence and in the solemn shade of these old trees, how dare you be a thief?"

After she had stopped, the boy's gaze of admiration suddenly changed into a settled sullenness—almost painful to look upon. He spoke between his teeth, as he said slowly—

"Pretty well done, but you don't know what you are talking about. I can't help myself—I've got nothing else to do, and I'd rather be out here alone than around with the boys. I don't care if I do rob bird's-nests. Now, there you have it right square."

"Don't care!" cried Fannie, in high and beautiful indignation. "You can't find any thing else to do? Why, look at yourself, just as you are, and see if there is nothing to be done. You are ragged and dirty, and you might at least spend a little time in putting on clean clothes—"

"And more in getting them!" muttered the boy.



"Then you are ignorant, too. You ought to be ashamed of *that*, when there is a school in every street, where you can study, if you will. Don't say you are too poor, for a little work—a very little, compared with your laziness—would send you to one of them. You are not afraid to do this—you, who can steal their homes away from the birds! I couldn't do that—I have not courage enough to steal."

"Look here now. I am poor and ignorant, but perhaps I can tell you a thing or two for all that. It's all very easy for a rich girl who don't know anything about work, to preach it up to those who can't find it. You don't know what a life we poor folks are obliged to live. If I knew how to do better, I would, and there's an end of it. But I can't."

"Here is some money," cried Fannie hastily, "take that, and begin upon it. Many men have made fortunes on less than even this little sum."

"No!" said the boy passionately, and with a different spirit gleaming from his eyes. "No, I won't take your money—I *can't* do that—but I'll tell you how you can help me. Just give me your advice how to begin."

"I really don't know what to say," exclaimed Fannie, in some perplexity.

"Yes, there it is! I thought so."

"I don't know much about it, but I *would* learn if I were in your place. You may take this for certain, that there have been poor boys, who set themselves hard at work—upon any thing at first—and have become great men. There's Dr. Franklin now—he was a poor printer's boy once. There's Roger Sherman;—he was a shoemaker when he was young—"

"No, no, Fannie," I whispered, "I happen to *know* that the common story is wrong here. He was a retail boot and shoe merchant, not a shoemaker."

"Don't spoil it, Carrie. There are Mr. Girard and Mr. Astor, and a host more—enough to clear the way for you, so that it will look bright ahead. Now *do* go to work, and make a man of yourself. Don't be afraid. Why, I know, I could do it in your place, and you are stronger than myself."

"Now, I really wish you *knew* a little more about how to begin," said he, thoughtfully, "but perhaps, I may as well take your word for it, and learn for myself. I'll do it! I really believe I can, and I'll begin this very day. If I ever do become any thing, I'll thank you, bless you for it—you, a girl, not half as strong as I am, but mastering me with your courage and truth! Are there any more in the world like you?—I never saw any before. Now, don't you know, that you'd make a capital missionary to the poor? Just try it, for *their* sakes. If they can stand up against your beautiful face and your bright eyes, and your tongue, they are stronger than I am. Don't blush any more—I'm sorry I said it, but 'tis the truth. Now I want to ask you to do one little thing for me, and that is all the help I'll ever need from you. Let me start with this. Just write your name, will you, with your own hand, and give it to me? I don't want it printed on any pasteboard flummery; I want just as you wrote it yourself, for me. I know it will do me good. I feel that I can do any thing when I look at that. Will you start me in life with this?"

With an eye, downcast, yet glowing, and a firm

raised hand. Fannie wrote her name, and gave him the card in silence.

"Thank you. You've done a great deal to-day and this isn't the last."

"Stop a moment!" cried Fannie, blushing.—"You ought to tell me your name too. Perhaps I may hear of it hereafter. I shall, if you are strong and bold."

"Don't ask me that," he exclaimed, reddening—"I should have to tell you if you asked me, and I don't want to do that yet. But if you'll only let me write to you once in a while, and tell you how I am getting along; or, if you'll read what I write—won't you do it? You needn't fear any thing.—I'll never sign any name, until I can sign one that you have heard of. Don't say no, for I'm bound to do it. 'Twill help me along so much. Good bye!"

In an instant he was out of sight.

For a little while we looked at each other without exchanging a word.

"Well, this *is* an odd adventure. Only think of your talking half an hour with a ragged street boy!"

"I am not sorry for it," replied Fannie, quietly.

"You have no cause to be sorry," said I, rather warmly: and then, after a pause—"Only think, Fannie, if this savage young Orson should turn out to be your Valentine at last!"

"Pshaw, Carrie! you don't know what you are saying. Let us drop the subject. I wonder, though, if we ever shall hear of him again. Don't you hope so?"

"Certainly," said I, and then we talked of something else.

The first part of my story has been so long, that I must hurry over the rest, and let Fannie's letters tell it all in a few words.

Several years passed by. Fannie had received one or two notes from Orson, reporting his gradual success, but they are in her own possession, and I cannot show them to you.

One letter that she wrote to me, while I was in Vera Cruz, will be enough to explain every thing, and I'll wind up my story with that. I have some others here, giving the subject a passing mention from time to time, but none so full as this. As you will perceive, it was written under the excitement of strong curiosity, but it is really provoking that she did not delay sending it to the post office just one hour!

"DEAR CARRIE—Just now I am in sad perplexity, and though I know that all will be settled in one short hour, I cannot help sitting down and making you a sharer in my troubles. And to punish you for your long silence, I shall send this letter before the cause of my perplexity is removed so that you will remain in suspense until you make yourself entitled to an answer and an explanation. If you take any interest in my affairs, this may secure me a letter from you before many days are over."

"You cannot have forgotten our meeting with young Orson, as you call him, for I have occasionally written you an abstract of the reports of his success, with which he sometimes favors me. Only read now this note, which I have just received from the unknown."

"If you have read my letters from time to time, you must know that I have finally succeeded in

mastering the lesson of life which you placed before my eyes. You first taught me that a real soul could exist in one so ignorant and wretched as I then was, and that this soul could only be developed through severe mental labor. I found, also, that painful bodily delving was necessary before I could have an opportunity to exercise my mind, and I struggled through it. Then, there was the work of many lost years crowded into a few, but I succeeded in that, also. When the preparations were over, I found that success must be toiled for, and I have grasped it—finally, the position for which I strove, I have gained—all through your impulse.

"I could not have worn myself thus for mere success in life. You must know that there was another motive—you, who saw my rude nature conquered by your own nobleness. My only capital in life was the little card on which you inscribed your name, and from this I have wrought, what is to me a fortune. My success has been wholly yours—will you now share it with me?"

"Nothing but the thought of you could have carried me through the past six years, and from the first you must have known it. This, then is no strange declaration to you. In one sense, it is not presumption, for I move in the same social circle with yourself, and have even spent happy hours in your company. We are no strangers to each other except in name. But I might consider it presumptuous to ask equality from one who knows my former condition, if I were not sure that the same high mind and world-scornful spirit, which then sent words from your heart to mine, cannot look in contempt upon what you yourself created.

"They say that you are engaged to another. I would know from your own lips whether you love, him or me. In two hours from this moment I shall call upon you and request an interview.—Then I can tell my name. I will then ask you to share it. Do not refuse, even in your own mind, until you know who and what I am.

"So Carrie, you are a true prophetess. Our Orson has become a Valentine!"

"But I cannot jest on this subject. To me it is full of perplexity—not but that the course is sufficiently plain, but it is hard, and I do not know how to smooth its roughness. He speaks with arrogance, but truthfully. His words have even waked an echo in my heart, but not of love. You know that I am engaged to—"

("I omit the name, Mr. Brengle," said Mrs. Granger—"you well know the gentleman.")

"—And that I cannot, would not break that engagement. I don't wish to see this new suitor.—Why could he not have shown himself a year later or earlier?"

"Good-bye. I can't write any more. In fact, I cannot do any thing, just now—Fannie."

"This, sir, is all that I know. Fannie never *would* tell me the rest, but always put it off by saying that I should know the secret at the right time."

Now, I suppose you are convinced that it is not the spirit of mere retaliation that prompts me to tell this story of your wife. She never loved this Orson, though she reclaimed him from vice and degradation. I have told it, sir, that you may better appreciate the prize which you have secured.

"Thank you Mrs. Granger. I suppose now,

that it is no more than fair for me to tell my story also. You may find it somewhat interesting."

"Do not understand me as calling for it," she replied quickly.

"Still it may interest you—Years ago, when I was a poor ragged boy, little dreaming that I should ever call the aristocratic Walter Granger friend, I strolled out of the city one day to engage in the laudable occupation of birds-nesting—"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Brengle," said my fair auditors, with a quick smile of surprise.

"Don't tell the story over again, Philip," exclaimed Fannie, archly.

"Oh, Fannie! Fannie! why could you not have saved me all this trouble?"

"She left that to me. Since you are anxious to know the result, I can tell you in a very few words.

"At the specified time, I was ushered into her presence. She appeared surprised to see me, and I fancied a little uneasy also. It was somewhat malicious, I knew but I could not help enjoying her agitation. At last I carelessly remarked—

"Did you receive my note, Fannie?"

"Your note." She waited an instant for breath then fixed her unsteady eyes on me, and nervously asked—

"Do you know what you are saying?"

"I should know. Have I not had full time to learn it during the last six years?"

"Ah, Fannie! do you remember *this*?"

"I placed a worn but carefully preserved card in her hand.

She rose in sudden tears. I pressed her to my heart, but not a word was spoken."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A MONSTER UNVEILED.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but—"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?"

"Well I don't know; the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a man with his habits, if she had known them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch, I have no patience with him!"

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses, which form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest, a country matron who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

The following morning Mrs. Braybrooke and her guest Mrs. Clayton were at the window of the parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Williams, when the door quietly opened and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor soul," cried Mrs. Braybrooke; "only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she may make even in the street may wake the fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes as the street allowed, this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the neatly-trimmed straw-bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said, "And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to act in such a way, I am sure I couldn't endure it a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Braybrooke; "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself—for, without wishing to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back.—About this time she often comes out, I suppose, to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by and by return, looking up, as she approaches, at the bedroom window; and if the blind be drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast!'—Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—at one—at two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner."

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh, his dinner; I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere in fact, but at home."

"And when does he come home, then, generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he has seen him speaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh no, for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary thing! I don't know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear, dear! it is terrible!" sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Clayton. "But does any one visit them? Have they friends, do you think?"

"I don't think he can have many friends, the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people calling—stylish people too—in carriages; and there he is, the wretch, often with his half-slept look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences."

"No, even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her; her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her; and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrooke, you know, wouldn't know such a man."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy; let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal."

The ladies of course set out, saw all the "loves of bonnets" in Regent street; all the "sacrifices" that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford street; bought a great many things for "less than half the original cost;" made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant exciting day for the country lady, who happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crestfallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in — Road.

The next day a lady, a friend of Mrs. Clayton, who had been out when she had left her card the day before, called, and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs. Braybrooke, and complimenting her on the situation of the house. "I find," she said, "you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Williams."

"Mrs. Williams?" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity; "Mrs. Williams! Oh how very singular that you should know her, poor, miserable creature! Oh do tell us about"—

"Poor—miserable! What can you mean?—You mistake; my Mrs. Williams is the happiest little woman in London!"

"Oh, it cannot be the same," said Mrs. Braybrooke. "I mean our opposite neighbor in Hawthorn Villa; I thought it couldn't be"—

"Hawthorn Villa!—the very house. You surely cannot have seen her, or her husband who"—

"Oh the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!" interrupted Mrs. Braybrooke. "I wouldn't know such a man!"

"He!" in her turn interrupted by her friend Mrs. Eccleshall. "He a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Eccleshall, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose; who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means of living is gambling or something equally disreputable; who?"

"You have been most grievously misled," again interposed Mrs. Eccleshall. "Who can have so grossly slandered my excellent friend Williams?—He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow. That may safely be called his misfortune, but not his fault!" and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

"His misfortune?" murmured Mrs. Braybrooke. "How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?"



"But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, is his business?"

"Why, didn't you know? He's the EDITOR of a MORNING NEWSPAPER!"

## BIOGRAPHY.

### WILLIAM LEET STONE,

"Was born at Esopus, in New York, in 1793, and was the son of the Rev. William Stone, a clergyman of the presbyterian church. When quite young, he removed to the western part of this state, where he used to assist his father, in the care of a farm, and where he acquired a fondness for agricultural pursuits, which he always retained.

"At the age of seventeen, he left home, and placed himself with colonel Prentiss, the proprietor of the Cooperstown Freeman's Journal, to learn the printing business; and, from this time, he began to write newspaper paragraphs.

"In 1813, he became an editor of the Herkimer American. He next edited a political newspaper at Hudson, then one at Albany, and then, again, one at Hartford, in Connecticut. At length, in the spring of 1821, Mr. Stone succeeded Mr. Zachariah Lewis in the editorship of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, becoming also one of its proprietors.

"He continued in charge of this journal, till his death, which took place at Saratoga Springs, August 15th, 1844.

"The attention of Mr. Stone, during his career as an editor, was very far from having been absorbed by the party contentions of the day. While residing at Hudson, he was the editor of a literary periodical, styled the Lounger, which was distinguished for sprightliness and frequent sallies of wit. Subsequently, he furnished a number of tales to the annuals; some of which with additions, he republished in 1834, under the title of Tales and Sketches. Many of the characters and incidents in these are historical, being founded on traditions respecting the revolutionary or still earlier history of the United States, that he had listened to when a boy, from the lips of his father.

"In 1832, Mr. Stone published his Letters on Masonry and Anti-masonry; then followed his Mathias and his Impostures; and, in 1836, appeared a little work from his pen, styled Ups and Downs in the Life of a Gentleman—intended as a satire on the follies of the day; although the main facts stated actually occurred in the life of an individual well known to him.

"It had been the purpose of Mr. Stone, from an early period of his life, to gather up and preserve what remained concerning the traits and character of the red men of America, and to connect with an account of these, an authentic history of the life and times of the prominent individuals who figured immediately before the revolution, more especially of Sir William Johnson.

"His main design was never executed; but the materials which he had collected enabled him to prepare, and give to the public, several works on the general subject to which they had reference.—

These were the Memoirs of Joseph Brandt, a Memoirs of Red-Jacket, the Life of Uncas, and Wyoming."

## MISCELLANY.

### THE WESLEYAN AND THE ACTRESS.

DURING Mrs. Jordan's short stay at Chester, where she had been performing her washerwoman, a widow with three small children, was by a merciless creditor, thrown into prison. A small debt, of about forty shillings, had been increasing in a short time by law expenses, to eight pounds. As soon as Mrs. Jordan heard of the circumstances, she sent for the attorney, paid him the demand, and observed, with as much severity as her good-natured countenance could assume:

"You lawyers are certainly infernal spirits, allowed on earth to make poor mortals miserable.

The attorney, however pocketed the affront, and with a low bow made his exit.

On the afternoon of the same day, the poor woman was liberated. As Mrs. Jordan was taking her usual walk with her servant, the widow with children following her, and just as he had taken shelter from a shower of rain in a kind of porch dropping on her knees, and with much grateful emotion, exclaimed,

"God forever bless you, Madame! you have saved me and my poor children from ruin."

The children beholding their mother's tears, added by their cries to the affecting scene which a sensitive mind could not behold but with strong feelings of sympathy. The natural liveliness of Mrs. Jordan's disposition was not easily damped by sorrowful scenes. However, although she strove to hide it, the tear of feeling stole down her cheek, and stooping to kiss the children, she slipped a pound note into the mother's hand, and in her usual playful manner, replied,

"There, there; now it's all over. Go good woman. God bless you! Don't say another word."

The grateful creature would have replied, but her benefactress insisted on her silence and departure.

It happened that another person had taken shelter under the porch, and witnesses the whole interesting scene, who as soon as Mrs. Jordan observed him, came forward, and he, holding out his hand, exclaimed with a deep sigh,

"Lady, pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord they were all like thee!"

The figure of the man bespoke his calling. His countenance was pale, and a suit of sable, rather the worse for wear, covered his tall and spare person. The penetrating eye of Thalia's favorite votary, soon developed his character and profession, and with her wonted good humor, retreating a few paces, she replied,

"No, I won't shake hands with you."

"Why?"

"Because you are a Methodist preacher, and when you know who I am, you'll send me to the devil!"

"The Lord forbid! I am, as you say, a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tells us to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed, and do you think I can behold a sister fulfilling the commands of my Great Master without

feeling that spiritual attachment which leads me to break through worldly customs, and offer you the hand of friendship and brotherly love!"

"Well, well, you are a good old soul, I dare say; but—I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you I am a player."

The preacher sighed.

"Yes I am a player; and you must have heard of me. Mrs. Jordan is my name."

After a short pause, he again extended his hand and with a complaisant countenance replied,

"The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art. His goodness is unlimited. He has poured on thee a large portion of His spirit; and as to thy calling, if thy soul upbraid thee not, the Lord forbid that I should."

Thus reconciled, and the rain having abated, they left the porch together. The offer of his arm, was accepted, and the female Roscius of comedy and the disciple of John Wesley proceeded arm in arm, to the door of Mrs. Jordan's dwelling. On parting, the preacher shook hands with her, saying,

"Fare thee well, sister. I know not what the principles of the people of thy calling may be.—Thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practises equal thine, I hope and trust, at the great day, the Almighty God will say to each, "*Thy sins are forgiven thee.*"

### NOT HORN'S LAST BUT HIS BEST.

WARD the baker of Fulton Street, notorious for the quality of his soda crackers, called on Horn in the way of business.

"I wish you would send me a box of crackers," said Horn.

"When do you want them?"

"Immediately."

"I'll send them around to you in less than fifteen minutes."

"I'll bet the drinks for the company that you don't."

"Done, sir. I'll take that bet."

Off started Ward, chuckling at the idea of doing the joker; at the same time considering it a reflection on his punctuality. In a few minutes he returned with a smile on his countenance, and the box of crackers under his arm.

"Come. Horn let's have the drinks!" pointing his finger at the clock.

"Certainly, sir."

The drinks were furnished, and the gentlemen imbibed, as they supposed at Horn's expense.—When Ward was about leaving, Horn addressed him—"You haven't paid for the drinks!"

"Paid for the drinks! I won them," replied the victim rather tartly.

"No sir. You said you would send them round. Look here sir," said Horn, holding up one of the crackers, "they are all square."

"Done brown, Mr. Baker!" shouted the company.—*Yankee Blade.*

### THE YANKEE'S DRY CELLAR.

AND down we went, and discovered to Brick's intense surprise that there were some six inches of water over the whole floor, and looking for all the world as if it had been there for a long time.—It took us but a moment to express an opinion that such an arrangement would not at all answer our

purpose; but we had not concluded, before Brick recovered his self-possession and laughingly intimated "that it was altogether an oversight on his part, the cellars not generally at all damp, and liable to be overflowed by the adjacent water pipes, though present appearances looked mightily like it. "But," said he growing confident in our credulity, "this water was purposely put here for the accommodation of the last tenant: he was an old genius, and prevailed on me to provide him with this pond."

"What for?" said we, gazing at it with great curiosity.

"What for? why you will hardly believe it, sir, but it's a fact nevertheless, the old boy wanted to raise his own fish.—BEE.

#### DRINKING CUSTOMS.

Do what you will for the good of man, these customs are a blight, a worm at the root. You may feed, clothe and educate the poor, but as long as they touch, taste or handle strong drink, your good works will, in a great measure, be lost. If you give them bread it will be turned into strong drink. If you give them clothes, they will go to the pawn-broker, to be turned into money to go to the whiskey shop. If you educate them, this may possibly be the greatest charity of all the three and the most likely to lead to habits of many self-supporting independence; but it is much likely that the young plant, reared on a soil daily moistened with strong drink, will be blighted and withered by its pestilential influences, and become a cumberer of the ground and a deadly curse to society. On this account it is of the utmost importance that total abstinence be introduced as a part of the education of every school.

#### MODERN DICTIONARY.

*Distant Relations.*—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and insult you if you are poor.

*Belle.*—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

*Heart.*—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessors.

*Housewifery.*—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only among the lower orders.

*Editor.*—A poor wretch, who every day empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

*Wealth.*—The most respectable quality of a man.

*Honor.*—Shooting a friend whom you love, through the head, in order to gain the praise of a few others, whom you despise and hate.

#### JACK BUNSBY ON CALIFORNIA.

BEING asked what he thought of the gold panic, Bunsby crossed his boots, took a whiff and said, "If so be as how gold can be got in California for digging, why, good; the only question would be, to dig or not to dig. And so, but then, do ye see, a man must do something else besides digging.—He must eat, drink, sleep, and be clothed withal—and if all the people turn gold diggers, who shall

perform all the other kind of work? Now, if so be, a man should dig gold, and fill his pockets, why so? And, if so be, another man should dig praties, and fill a tin kettle, and put it over a fire, in unison with some wild kids and a few yarbs, and the man who had been digging the gold should come and say, give me some of that 'ere mess, why, so also. Now, what would the pratie-digger say? How much gold have you dug? Oh, says the gold digger, I have had great luck to-day, but I am very hungry. Good says the pratie-digger; give me two-thirds of your gold, and you shall dine with me. Why you inhospitable fellow, do you want to rob! No, says the pratie-digger, but go and eat your gold. I'll eat my dinner alone, and save what is left until to-morrow, and then I can go and dig gold, and you can dig praties for yourself. Now says Bunsby, the pratie digger would be the best off, for the other could not wait until the morrow for a dinner, and it's therefore my opinion that digging praties may be, under some circumstances, more profitable than digging gold, and my name's Jack Bunsby."

#### AN HONEST MAN.

To be honest—to be believed when he speaks—gives a dignity to man. What greater honor can a man desire? Ah! if the truth were more frequently spoken, none of us would be so mistrustful. Now, we know not what to believe. We hear one side and have made up our mind; another story is told us and we feel that we have been hasty in our decision. Why will not men speak the naked truth—without prevarication and deception? It was said of a certain man that you might as well attempt to turn the sun from his course, as to make him commit a dishonest action. Of how many can it be said at the present day? On account of his integrity, the Athenians gave Xenocrates the privilege of giving his evidence without taking his oath. Such examples are rare. But if all would be careful to do right—to act right, how much more confidence would be placed in man and a world of trouble would be saved.

#### AN UNCONSCIOUS PUN.

In the days of "lang syne," there was a Frenchman who had served in the *Grand Armee* of Napoleon, who used to teach us boys the infantry drill and who, by the way, didn't speak English—we ourselves were so much amused at his attempts to express himself, that we always refused to help him out of his troubles with a scrap of French.—One day, he had formed us into a column of march and gave us the word to advance, in French. We all shook our heads. The Frenchman in despair, rushed to the window, and pointing to a vehicle which was passing, inquired what that was called meaning its motion. Misunderstanding the purport of his question, we replied that it was a wagon.—"Ah! *C'est le mot!*" exclaimed the Frenchman—"Yong shentilmens, you may *wag-on—wag-on—wag-on!*" and amidst roars of laughter the column was put in motion.

#### DUELLING.

THAT WAS an excellent reply of the Southerner, who on receiving an invitation to "pistols and coffee for two," replied, "it takes only one fool to send

a challenge, but two to fight a duel." Would that this simple truth were universally received. Many a brave and gallant man, from a mistaken sense of what was due his honor, has fallen by the hand of a low-spirited scamp. The best way to deal with these gentry is to follow Hook's advice, and "let them alone most severely." No man gains glory in a contest with a pole-cat. "If," said a certain professor, "a man were to call me a liar, I should tell him to prove it. If he could prove it, the epithet would be just; but if he could not prove it, he would be a liar himself."

#### GOOD AND EVIL DEEDS.

THE force of ill-nature is such, that a man's good deeds are often kept in the back ground, while his faults are brought out for public inspection. A person may for years live a perfectly upright life and then commit a single fault. What is done? Reproach is cast upon him, and he is totally condemned. Such is the nature of imperfect man. How true it is that ill-will hides the virtues of the heart, while the vicious propensities are boldly brought to view! One sin is more talked about than a hundred good deeds. These are all lost or concealed beneath the covering of a depraved taste ill-nature and a lack of true charity.

#### BE SATISFIED.

THOSE who are satisfied with receiving the necessities of life, without grasping for unsubstantial riches and honors, are alone truly happy. This was the sentiment of Aristides, a noble Athenian: and by living up to it, he was happy. Plato says of him, "Aristides studied to fill Athens with virtue." To have such a line recorded of you, what greater honor do you desire? You may be laboring for what will neither benefit yourselves nor those who come after you, and are never satisfied. Expect for little, strive for less, possess a good heart, and when you are dead, virtue will be reflected from your monumental stone.

#### AN ASTOUNDING FACT.

AN unfortunate, whose visit to California has been barred by the lack of \$300 to pay his passage, and in whose breast the fever rages most uproariously, dreamed the other night that he was on the Sacramento, and had managed to collect as much gold as he could carry. Having secured his prize by fastening it about his body, he determined to make the overland journey home, and set out with a stout heart to meet the itinerant's difficulties. He had not proceeded far on the way when he was attacked by a panther, and a bloody fight commenced. His struggles were dreadful, and his cries alarming—especially in the domicile in which he resided, and these were in no way modified in effect by the smothered shrieks of his wife. This duet brought the family around the bed in consternation, and they joined their small voices to the chorus, which at length showed all the features of an approved "Dutch Concert," where each sings his own song, and all at the same time. The neighbors got alarmed by the expressiveness of the music, and broke open the door just in time to save the poor wife from being strangled. Her husband had got his hands fastened around her neck, and how he did squeeze



her is no one's business. The husband being aroused from his *active* sleep, explained himself as above related. This is only one of the many ludicrous symptoms of the prevailing disease, and it is hoped that the party who has been thus affected—for his poor wife's sake—will not suffer a relapse.—*Times*.

#### COMPULSORY ENJOYMENT.

A GENTLEMAN frequenting a circus, noticed a boy among the audience who was sound asleep every time he happened to be in. Curious to know why the urchin should resort to such a place for somniferous purposes, our friend went up one evening and accosted him:

"My little fellow, what do you go to sleep for?"

"I can't keep awake," rejoined the other. "it is a terrible bore to see them performing the same thing every night."

"But why do you come?"

"Oh, I can't help it—I must come—I have got a season ticket."

ONE of the wealthiest farmers on the Connecticut, tells the following story:

"When I first came here to settle, about forty years ago, I told my wife I meant to be rich. She said she did not wish to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her 'comfortable.' I went to work and cleared up my land. I've worked hard ever since; and have got rich—as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they all have good farms. But my wife aint comfortable yet."

AN Irishman who once got little the worst of it in a trade with a Yankee grocer, entered his shop, one day to make a purchase of tobacco. "An' faith," says Pat, "how much'll ye be afther asking for as much tobacco as'll reach from one of me ears to the other?" "Fourpence," replied the Yankee, throwing two plugs on the counter. "Ah me darlint, that'll never do it—for one of me ears is on me head, and t'other's in ould Ireland."

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a western lawyer, "you are met here on one of the most solemn occasions that ever happened since I had a brief.—The defendant, being a stout, able-bodied man, rushed assassin-like upon my client, who is a frail young widow; and, why did not the thunders of heaven blast him when he stooped towards her, stretched forth his arms like the forked lightnings of Jupiter, and gave her a kiss on the mouth."

ROSE, the private and confidential secretary of Louis XIV, had married his daughter to M. Portail President of the French Parliament. The husband was constantly complaining of the temper and disposition of his daughter, "You are right," said Rose, "she is an impertinent jade, and if I hear more complaints of her, I will disinherit her." The husband felt no desire to make any more complaints of his wife.

BEAUTY in woman is like the flowers of spring, but virtue is like the stars of heaven.

#### CLIMATE OF THE GOLD REGION.

THE gold region of California (according to Col. Fremont) is in the Sacramento river and its tributaries. The climate of the country has no winter in the valley, but the rainy season and the dry.—The rainy season begins in November, and continues to the middle of February or the beginning of March; the rest of the year is without rain, but the streams from the Sierra Nevada afford all the facilities for irrigation in the heats of July and August. The whole valley abounds in wild cattle, wild horses, elks, deer, antelopes, grizzly bears, partridges, water fowl, salmon, &c. All the products of the States from apples to oranges, from potatoes to sugar cane, may be produced in the Valley of the San Joaquin and Sacramento. The climate is remarkably healthy.

Such is the California on the Pacific, one of the richest, most picturesque and beautiful regions for its extent, upon the face of the earth.

#### NOBILITY IN EUROPE.

ON the continent of Europe, titles of nobility descend to all the children. This leads to some instances of rank being possessed by persons in menial employments, for families must live, in spite of the disgrace of nobility having to work for a livelihood. In the town of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, in Germany, every inhabitant is noble born except four. At the inn of the place, the landlord is a Count, the landlady a Countess, and the ostlers young Counts. A late traveller says: "A wealthy English merchant, captivated with the scenery as he travelled through, bought an estate on the lake here by, and came here to reside. He was intelligent and well educated, but he had no family coat-of arms. The entire population of the town therefore decided that it was not etiquette to visit him, and even the village barber, who was a Baron, would not recognize him in the street, and only knew his name when in the act of performance on his chin." This is but a specimen of other quarters of Europe. The nobles of Hungary amount to 162,495. The nobles of the city of Milan alone amount to 3,859. In 1822, a published census showed the nobles of Prussia to amount to 200,000. Rank on the continent, therefore, is a different thing from rank in England, which country is, after all, the most aristocratic on the globe.

OUR ladies are all wearing Sacks—our young ladies we mean—and fastidious people are grumbling about it. We like them because the girls can themselves make them; and better still, because they can take an old apron and manufacture a fair article out of it. Success to the Sacks!—Once if young men got a "no" put down on their soft requests, they were said to be "sacked;" but now the girls take all the sacks to themselves.

As rust and decay rapidly consume the machine that is not kept in use, so disease and sickness accumulate on the frame of indolence, until existence becomes a burden, and the grave, a bed of rest.

SOME one has observed that the mocking-bird is on the best of terms with the nightingale and good singers, but is detested by crows and buzzards, though he imitates one as faithfully as the other.—There is a moral here for those who will see it.

A CERTAIN judge in Vermont used to charge the jury, that "things of a doubtful nature were very uncertain."

THE KISS.—A lover gazed into the eyes of his mistress until she blushed. He pressed her hand to his heart and said. "My looks have planted roses on thy cheeks; he who sows the seed should reap the harvest."

AN AWFUL PAUSE.—After the clergyman had united a happy pair, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, exclaimed, "Don't be unspeakably happy!"

DOMESTIC BLISS. *Patern families*—"I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning."

*Pet child*.—"Oh no, papa dear. I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning!"

AN Irishman was told that a friend of his had put his money in the stocks. "Well," said he, "I never had a farthing in the stocks, but I have had my legs there often enough."

SHALLOW characters are very common; so are shallow streams. Small fish abound in the latter, and small thoughts in the former. One earnest man is worth a world full of such organised farce.

DR. Liber has said that women were born to be married, and men were born to marry them.—Query—what were old maids and bachelors born for?

"OH! I pant for glory—I pant for renown;" said a ragged man of genius, to his friend. "Well, if you have a pair of pant's, you'd better put them on," was the cool and relentless reply.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. W. P. Reed's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. M. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. Barre Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Richburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. N. Orange, N. Y. \$4.00; D. C. P. Little Falls, N. Y. \$5.00; H. B. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### MARRIAGES.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Urias Decker to Bridget Riley, both of Stuyvesant.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, John Stewart, to Nancy McClintock, both of Hudson.

At Ghent, on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Boyce, Henry Clum of Claverack to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of William Jacobin, of the former place.

At West Ghent, by the Rev. John C. Van Devort, on the 29th January, Peter B. Gardner, to Miss Mary Pindar, both of Stockport.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on the 1st, by the Rev. Mr. Vandervoort, B. C. Vosburgh to Miss Ann E. Bedell.

#### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 27th ult. at the residence of P. S. Burger, Mrs. Margery Whitcomb, aged 77 years.

On Wednesday the 8th inst. Ruth Ludlow, daughter of William H. and Emma B. Jessup, aged 5 years and 6 months.

From adverse blasts and low'ring storms,  
Her favor'd soul he bore;  
And with yon bright angelic forms,  
She lives to die no more.

In New-York, on the 1th inst. of Consumption, aged about 30 years, Mrs. Mary A. wife of Francis A. Esty and daughter of Nathan Bachelier Esq. of Hallowell Maine.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## THOUGHTS AT A BRIDAL.

BY MISS CATHARINE WEBB BARBER.

HERE is a merry bride!

Let me set  
Apart awhile, and gaze upon the flower,  
Crowned and the beautiful, who tread with  
Fairy lightness through these brilliant rooms.  
Music is here, and the sweet gush of silvery  
Laughter mingles with the voice of song.

Hark!

Yonder cometh the bride, over whose fresh young  
Brow, but sixteen summers can have lightly  
Passed. There is a smile upon her lip—  
A light in her blue eye, while to her soul  
She takes the vow, which ne'er can be revoked—  
While round her there are twined the silken  
Fetters, which Death only can unloose

Let

These thronged rooms grow silent, for two beings  
Now together twine their lives, in close companionship.  
Their pilgrimage to take, thro' weal—thro' wo—thro' Time  
Perchance thro' an Eternity. It is the  
Hour for mirth, and yet mirth is oppressive mid  
Such thoughts as these.

Go forth thou glad young bride!

Be strong amid the ills of life! be clad  
In moral beauty like a garment to  
The last! Take to thy soul, FAITH, HOPE and LOVE  
And may thy path end 'mid the brightness of  
The skies—the glories of a better world!  
*La Fayette, Ala. 1848.*



For the Rural Repository.

## I DREAD NOT THE GRAVE.

BY L. A. PERKINS BROCKSBANK.

"I DREAD not the grave;"—said a thoughtless child,  
As she twined a garland of flow'rets wild,  
And scattered them over a grassy tomb;—  
"Tis sweet to sleep where the violets bloom."

"I dread not the grave;—'tis a long—long day,"  
Said a hopeful youth, "ere my form may lay  
'Neath the pale marble, so heavy and cold;  
The youthful may live—Death summons the old."

"I dread not the grave;"—said a man of the world,  
"The weapons of Death at random are hurled,  
—Helmet of courage, and armour of health  
Will ward off the foe, that attacks me by stealth."

"I dread not the grave;"—said a man of four-score;  
"True, the old often die, but of youth many more,  
Death, too, perchance, has forgotten to call—  
If so, 'ten to one,' he will ne'er come at all."

"I dread not the grave;"—said a desolate one,  
Whose last earthly hope had faded and gone;  
"My joys have departed—my soul is oppressed,  
Then, welcome the tomb, where the weary may rest."

"I dread not the grave;"—said a servant of God;  
"My body shall sweetly repose 'neath the sod—  
My spirit triumphant o'er Death and its gloom,  
Shall soar to my Savior, who conquered the tomb."

*Hudson, Jan. 1849.*

## A VALENTINE TO —, FROM BARRY GRAY.

THERE is a flower blooming in my heart;  
A fragrant flower deep within my breast,  
Sorrow and sadness have sought to blight it;  
And woe and grief have breathed upon its leaves.  
It has felt the freezing blasts of winter;  
The hand of coldness has been pressed upon it,  
And sought to tear it from its parent stem.

The burning rays of summer wished to scorch it,  
And the eye of desire, looked to see it droop.  
Beings of pleasure flitted round about me,  
Seeking to win this blossom of my heart:  
Maidens with faces wreathed in beautiful smiles,  
With merry laughter ringing from their souls,  
Tried, but in vain to clasp that fragrant flower.  
Maidens, with eyes most-liquid, full and lustrous,  
Wished to bewitch my soul to yield it up.  
Maidens with sweetest words of tenderness,  
Thought they could gain possession of that flower;  
Maidens with sounds of heavenly music,  
Have sought to lull my watching soul to rest,  
In vain have many fair ones looked upon it,  
None have as yet e'er called that flower their own;  
And only thou of all the glorious throng;—  
Thou with thy woman's heart, thy gentle voice.  
Thy loving spirit and thy noble mind;—  
Canst ever hope in truth to clasp my hand,  
And breathing fondly in mine ear, these words,  
"The flower of Love within thy heart is mine!"

From Graham's Magazine.

## "OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh mother of a mighty race,  
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
The elder dames, thy haughty peer,  
Admire and hate thy blooming years.

With words of shame  
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

Far on thy cheek the glow is spread  
That tints thy morning hills with red;  
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet  
Within thy woods are not more fleet;

Thy hopeful eye  
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail—those haughty ones—  
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.  
They do not know how loved thou art,  
How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw  
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
What virtues with thy children hide  
How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;

What generous men  
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By thy lone rivers of the west;  
How faith is kept and truth revered,  
And man is loved and God is feared

In woodland homes,  
And where the solemn ocean foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,  
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved laborer toil and bread—

Power, at thy bounds,  
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh fair young mother; on thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
Deep in the brightness of thy skies  
The thronging years in glory rise,  
And, as they fleet,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,  
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower,  
And when thy sisters, elder born,  
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,  
Before thine eye,  
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

## WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough,  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot,  
There woodman let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And would'st thou hack it down,  
Woodman forbear thy stroke,  
Cut not its earth-bound ties,  
Oh, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade,  
In all their youthful joy,  
Here too my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here,  
My father pressed my hand,  
Forgive this foolish fear,  
But let that old oak stand

My heart strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark old friend,  
Here shall the wild bird sing  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree the storm shall brave,  
And woodman leave the spot,  
While I've a hand to save  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

## New Volume, September, 1848.

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